# THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

## Weekly Intelligence

*IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.*

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

### *Some observations on the use of Distilled Spiritous Liquors.*

*(Concluded from our last.)*

Since the yellow fever has so frequently visited Philadelphia, a considerable number of the citizens have declined the common use of spirits, and their usual drink is either small beer, or Schuylkill water, rather than punch or grog.—This direct change of custom is much promoted by the advice of the principal physicians of the place, against the use of distilled spirits, and the concurring sentiments of the first characters of the faculty, wherever the great improvements which have been made in the principles of medical science, in the latter part of the eighteenth century have extended.

The President of the United States, agreeably to an act of Congress, does not admit, that any kind of spirits should be sold to the Indians, in those trading houses that have lately been established for their use.

Many of the Indians now living in the western parts of this state, have voluntarily refrained from the use of spirits.—At their settlement they have erected a saw mill, have built handsome log houses, they keep cattle, and raise grain,—many of them live in better condition than formerly. Some of the tribes who reside farther to the south west, have entered into a national agreement, not to allow any of the *mad liquor* to be brought into their country by the traders, and if any is discovered there by the Sachems, they break the kegs with their tomahawks, and let the contents flow on the ground.

It is not to be understood that the Indians are all about to be reformed, but rather the disuse of what they so justly style the mad liquor, is gradually advancing, both among the Indians and white people, exactly on the same principle; that is, by individuals acting at once agreeably to a temporal and eternal interest; and that in full contradiction to the calls of appetite, self interest, popularity, levity and self will. Those grand supporters of every evil habit, and custom, which usurp a despotism in the manners of society, on the bare authority of general prevalence.

"Custom that all mankind to slav'ry brings,
"That dull excuse for doing silly things."

But directly with respect to the use of spiritous liquors, if all the supposed benefits to be derived from them were candidly compared, with the vast and real evil they certainly produce; on considering that every degree of intemperance to which men arrive in the use of them, does generally proceed by the nature of habit, out of what is deemed the moderate use; that the advances from the frequent use of spirits, under the idea of a casual necessity, or their being helpful to the constitution, towards a continual and from that to a fatal intemperance, is almost certain; and the progress gains ground so slowly, as scarcely to be perceived. That drunkenness is a direct deprivation of every degree of religious sensibility and duty—and that it tends to destroy all the noble faculties of a rational being—and to render him wholly unfit to fulfil the important duties of domestic and social life—that it extends the degree, and prevalence of vice and immorality of every kind, and especially, profaneness and vulgarity, not only at the present time, but by the influence of example to future generations. Are not these, and every other effect of the custom of drinking distilled spirits, and the magnitude of the evils with which it is connected, sufficient to excite the serious attention of every sober minded person to the merits of the subject, and to demand the employment of all his power and influence, to put a stop to its prevalence? But some may say, what can *I* do towards reforming the world?—It may be answered a great deal. The use of spirits is not supported by any direct authority, either civil, religious, or experimental, but rather by a number of individuals uniting in making, vending, and distilling and using of them, by general consent; and any one who wholly withdraws from any, and all these practices which he is actually aiding to support, the whole work of reformation with regard to himself is completed; and the business cannot be effected either by individual or collective authority, in any other manner. And as it is certain, that the practice of using distilled spirits is upheld by custom, it is therefore necessary for every one to examine impartially, how far that custom is supported by the share he has in it, or in any of its relations; and upon a uniform and consciencious compliance of each individual with his particular duty in the case, a reformation is only to be expected.

And now to recapitulate the subject—the arguments may be grounded on these foundations—that the common internal use of distilled spirits, is not necessary but hurtful—that it is custom and not real benefit, or necessity, that upholds the use—that it is individual example that makes up, and continues the general prevalence—that great numbers of valuable men of every rank, without any previous design, but by paying too easy a compliance to custom, and through the bewitching influence of habit, become lost to themselves, to their families, and to society—and that therefore, *Religion*, *Reason* and *Experience*, unitedly call for, and justify, a speedy reformation, and withdrawing from the customary use of distilled spirits; which is sufficiently proved not to be really necessary, but on the contrary is the original root of drunken-

ness, and has so intimate a connexion with so many evil consequences; and ultimately the important duty, rests principally upon persons whose precepts and example may be the most impressive; such as Ministers of the Gospel, and influential members of religious society; civil magistrates, and persons concerned in government, and in every neighbourhood, persons of influence among the people. Those who make, or deal in spirits, have a great share in the business. It is through them that the great monster of intemperance in all its degrees of growth, receives a continual supply, and they cannot be ignorant of it; some may be more to blame than others, but those who continually sell spirits to those persons who they know are advancing to ruin by the use of them, are surely culpable for being knowingly active in the cause, and they must be in a strict sense accessory to the consequence. And although many excuses are advanced to evade the guiltiness of such a practice, they are all alike inconsequent, unless self-interest be considered as the fundamental principle. And if profit be the only temptation, such a deliberate pursuit of gain, in controvention of so plain a point of duty, must be a more reprehensible evil than the gratification of a natural appetite, that has gained ground by habit, notwithstanding the self interested customs, and maxims of the world, do not favour such an opinion.

J. W.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

*Lines addressed to an Infidel after the Storm at Savannah in Georgia, Oct. 11th, 1804.*

Whilst howling winds in wild tornadoes sweep;
With desolating fury o'er the main,
Whilst anxious seamen painful vigils keep
Or sing in deepening wo their last sad strain;

When o'er the earth a darken'd deluge pours,
Uprooting trees, destroying brutes and men;
With wild increasing rage each river roars,
And the firm land becomes a sea again;

Say, does no warning voice salute thine ear,
Poor, thoughtless, wretched, simple man?
Or has thy mind no serious cause to fear
The solemn closing of thy ill-spent span?

What though thine eye beholds, in peace around,
Thy smiling infants, friend and partner dear;
Though relatives in social groupes surround
Thy plenteous board, and every sorrow share?

Has mild philosophy thy soul refin'd?
Or art thou skill'd in scientific art?
Thou know'st how weak the whole of these combin'd,
To prove a shield 'gainst death's unerring dart.

Behold the change! one moment passing space
Transfers thy fleeting soul to realers unknown!
Where then, O sinner! wilt thou seek for grace,
To plead thy cause before th' Almighty Throne?

Whilst all around convulsive nature bends,
And seems to warn thee of approaching fate—
Do storms and tempests rage to serve no ends?
Nor will they rouse thee from they dreadful state?

Say, boasting man, whose daring reason stands
In place of high Omnipotence' decrees,
By what authority, or whose commands,
The winds in deep-wrought furrows plough the seas.

Can reason fathom out the vast abyss
Where ocean's particoloured waters rise!
So neither can our reason paint the bliss
That man must feel who in his Saviour dies.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

*Messieurs Editors,*

In looking over the thirteenth number of your Fire-side, some observations by "TIRO" on the first Pastoral of the "Mantuan Bard" caught my eye; and not observing any such "contradiction" as had appeared to him, I offer the following remarks:—In the first place, he has mistaken the poet in supposing him "to set out his father's good fortune in the person of Tityrus" which perhaps may account for the (to him) *seeming* inconsistence—Virgil, in his first eclogue, represents his own good fortune under the character of Tityrus, not that of his father, which is observable in the "Argumentum" to the eclogue—"Hæcigitur ecloga laudes Octaviani et Romæ, suam felicitatem, Mantuanorum calamitatem commemorat"—as well likewise in many of the "Notæ." But as his edition of Virgil affords neither, we will appeal to the text for the refutation of the above supposition, and for the reconciliation of the supposed contradictions.—Virgil, after having left his possessions, which, with many others, were divided among the soldiers of Augustus, repaired to Rome, where he commenced an acquaintance with Mecænas, by whose intercession he was brought to the favour of Augustus, who restored to him his former possessions; on which account he addresses Melibœus in the following manner.

"Hic illum vidi juvenem, Melibœe, quotannis
Bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant."

It was then that Melibœus addressed him by the appellation of "*Fortunate Senex*" only as a congratulation, not because he was really old, but because he anticipated the future felicity of the Poet in the peaceful enjoyment of his native possessions when he should become old; which constituted the height of rural happiness; as is expressed in the following lines.

"Fortunate senex! hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum."

Here the substance of the text plainly indicates their ideas of happiness; and the verb the time in which *he* should enjoy it—And if I may be allowed to supply the ellipsis,

O Tityre, tu et nunc fortunatus es et quando *eris* senex then will the expressed; tense plainly follow

———"hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacrs, frigus *captabis* opacum."

But should it still be considered that the appellation of "Fortunate senex" was intended at *that* time, may it not be accounted for by the same license by which he (being Virgil) is called "Tityrus."

I have offered those few remarks not as an elucidation, nor yet with a view of criticism, but merely as a dissension from an ungrounded opinion.

PHILAN.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

*Verses composed on Pettiquamscut, Point Judith, Rhode-Island, by a female of seventeen.*

Lost to youth's enthusiasm!
Lost to all poetic fire!
The mind must be a lifeless chasm,
Which these scenes do not inspire.

What can warm th' imagination,
Please the eye, or charm the ear;
In enchanting variation
Bounteous nature's lavish'd here.

Here the vast unbounded ocean—
His majestic billows rolls,
Raising most sublime emotion,
Lifts and awes th' astonish'd soul.

Still with indignation swelling,
Calls his surges from afar;
Still repell'd, and still repelling;
Raging in continual war.

There the waves, with hope elated,
Strive the upland heights to gain;
But, like human hopes frustrated,
Bellow to the distant main.

Here the waters idly sporting,
Fondly woo the grassy shore;
And, more calm recesses courting,
Shun the ocean's stormy roar.

Hence, more tranquil joys pursuing,
Pettiquamscut steals away;
Oft his peaceful course reviewing,
Winds along with sweet delay.

Lo! the raptur'd eye beguiling,
How the distant prospect charms!
Rocks, hills, vallies, meadows smiling,
Rise secure from all alarms.

To these the grove, his shades opposing,
Overhangs the peaceful flood.
Above, the towering branches closing,
Rival each surrounding wood.

Pious awe, and sweet composure,
This sequester'd gloom inspires;
While from its secure inclosure,
Every ruder thought retires.

Moss-grown rocks, their heads erecting,
Heighten still the pleasing gloom;
And the winding flow'rs protecting,
Bid them unmolested bloom.

Here the birds, the sun-beams flying,
Nature's inspiration sing,
Echo to their voice replying,
Makes the neighbouring vallies ring.

This fair spot, with partial pleasure,
Pettiquamscut's arms entwine;
Leaves with pain his favourite treasure,
Parting feels regret like mine.

Soon again thy waves returning,
Shall embrace this blissful shore,
Fate my fondest wishes spurning,
Bids me different scenes explore.

Follow still thy sweet employment!
Wave ye woods, and ocean roar!
You shall give sublime enjoyment,
When your Emma is no more.

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*To the Editors of the Evening Fire Side.*

The following is an extract of a letter written at the time of its date, by a person not unknown to you, to another now in this City—It contains much genuine piety and experience of the real christian. We usually are stripped of every other dependance, before we are enabled to put our trust in God alone. You are requested to rescue it from oblivion by giving it a place in your useful paper as it is a pity that epistles of this nature should be lost to the world, or confined to narrow circles when they may become eminently useful by being generally read.

June 17th, 1800. A.

I feel somewhat ashamed, when I think of the time elapsed since I received your agreeable favor and indeed not a little fearful that you will construe the cause of my silence greatly to my disadvantage. If indeed you knew what anxiety of mind I have laboured under since I saw you, and the many cruel crosses, which I have had to bear with, your friendship instead of seeking to *blame*, I am sure, would amply plead my excuse. As to a correspondence by letter, be assured, that I am not so insensible of the advantages in pleasure and profit that I should have over you thereby as to decline it. But when I consider how poor a return I must make for the pleasure your favors afford me, I can't help thinking that you will, with reason be dissatisfied with the bargain. It is a question of some delicacy with me, and I cannot help hesitating at becoming so barbarous as to damp the spirits of my friends, by dealing out my sorrows to them. Had I nothing but good news to impart I should jump to catch an opportunity to do it, for then I should increase my own happiness by sharing it with them but this alas *this* will never more be in my power to do, for my hopes of prosperity are vanished like a dream and all my bright prospects are considered over—I was going to say forever. I speak only of my temporal concerns when I thus describe to you my condition, having still left in store for me, I hope, a resource of comfort, which (to my shame be it said) hitherto I have not sought—I mean that comfort which *Religion* alone can afford.—Indeed, to be explicit with you, the degree of Resignation to which I have already attained has considerably blunted the edge of a misfortune which, without it, I am convinced would have been too severe to be borne.—I now find that my late sufferings (to wit the loss of my little property which till yesterday I was in hopes of repossessing) were wisely ordered to wean me from a world, which I must soon leave and to which I *now* plainly see I was *too much* attached. The view I now have of things is so different from any I have heretofore had, that I am astonished at having been so long and so wholly fascinated with enjoyments, that are really but momentary. It is very probable that nothing I could say, could give you an idea of the extraordinary change that has taken place in my mind with regard to these things, for you have never been lead *so far* into folly and *vice* as I have been. Let me therefore entreat you who have not been corrupted to be upon your guard how you step into fashionable follies: It is a hard matter to *get back* into the right road after having deviated from. I don't wish you to suppose that I have been guilty of any uncommon crimes, for I have always considered myself as restrained from doing a base action from what I called a principle of honor, but from a disregard to religion many years of my short life have been filled with opinions and actions, that cover me with confusion.

Before *men* I *believe* my reputation is fair, and I was satisfied with being thought a *clever fellow*, but before God, I have nothing to rely upon but the merits and pleadings of a Redeemer whom I have in a most horrid manner insulted and denied. Indeed Deism is so prevalent at this time among young men that a youth of your age is laughed at if he can't throw out scurrilous *sarcasms* upon Christianity. Let me beg of you to be *cautious*—think not that I am too young to give advice upon this head, believe me who am really *your friend* when I say that I speak from solid experience. I was (it is a shameful but true confession, and if it should be of some little service to you, why should I refrain from speaking it?) I was, in the fullest extent of the word a Deist for *ten years* and I can acknowledge that I have been brought back by the hand of the Almighty from the brink of perdition. If you be already tainted with principles that militate against the "Faith as it is in Jesus" you will say "let me be convinced of my error" and then perhaps run to books and company for arguments for conviction—Be assured that that is a *dangerous way*. Faith is the gift of God and if you go to arguing and reasoning about, it you will lose the little you have felt. Instead of searching for arguments and specious *reasons*, consult your own heart and search it closely. Is it not better to possess that upon which eternal happiness depends, quietly and without doubt, than run the risk of losing it by the jargon of disputation? and after one begins to doubt one is apt to go on from one principle to another, till he gets beyond his depth, and then is carried by the current so as not to be able to go on nor come back. I ought however to observe, that I do not judge you in this matter. I merely mention these things as your sincere friend, knowing how universally the spirit of infidellity prevails and viewing in retrospect the waves of metaphysical notions upon which I was so long toss'd to and fro. From this tempest of opinions I have been saved by a miracle, for nothing less than a miracle could have convinced of the principles of the truth a mind so *opposed* to its operation as mine was, urging on by rapid strides towards downright *Atheism*.

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*FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.*

DESPONDENCE.

When the wan Moon at midnight's witching hour,
Lighting the pale night-wanderer on his way,
Gilds the lone turret and the crumbling tower,
My melancholy loves to stray.

O'er its worn basis, when, in stern disdain,
The haughty rock with an imperious frown
Eyes the blue surges of the rattling main,
I love to walk—to weep alone.

I love to linger on the sea-beat shore,
And mark the billows whit'ning as they roll,
Whose solemn-deep-reiterated roar,
Suits well the gloomy temper of my soul!

Congenial with my soul is nature's gloom,
The ragged precipice, and cliffy steep,
From whose proud summit, musing on the tomb,
My coward spirit longs, yet fears—to leap.

Ah! dress'd no longer in thy dazzling beam,
Delusive Hope! the future I survey—
Thy scenes once charm'd, but like an empty dream,
At Disappointment's blast they fade away.

Time has not thinn'd the honours of my head,
But fell Disease unnerves my feeble frame,
The sprightly ardour of my youth is fled,
The thirst of glory, and the love of fame.

B.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

DEAR P. & E. H. J. C. J. A. J. R. J. L. B. VAN TONGRE, &c. &c.

My dear Friends and Brethren,

This serves only for a salutation to you, which is in the seed, that must reign, that must have the government, for it can only rule for God. O let him cover you, lead and order you all, then shall your faith, hope, love and patience continue unto the end: the Lord God Almighty overshadow you all with his power, and keep you under the sense of his weighty life, that his savoury virtue and wisdom may rest upon you. O then shall it be well with you in all your undertakings.

I hope you have had my last, which I wrote the next post after I writ to B. Turley, which I read to George, and something he made me write from him, and which he subscribed himself, to you: but it was to the same purpose with that to B. T.—the bearer's sudden going puts me into great haste, but read my love in the eternal truth, which time cannot rase out, distance forget, nor many waters quench. So the Lord God of life and glory, protect and preserve you in his weighty seed, to the perfecting of your redemption, that you may sing on mount Zion, with the ransomed of the Lord, the new and everlasting song. Amen. Salute me to your families, and all friends and friendly people. I am your faithful brother,

WM. PENN.

Things are generally well, and our meetings are large and living as ever, blessed be the name of the Lord, truth grows.

*London, 10th mo. 10th, 1677.*

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*FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.*

ANECDOTE.

Such was the remarkable skill of a modern taylor of Philadelphia, that, of all the scraps which remained after cutting out a suit of clothes, not one was larger, as he said, than he could put into his *eye*; this uncommon dexterity excited curiosity among his brother chips, to know how this exploit was accomplished, —when at length it was by accident discovered, that in an obscure corner, he kept a barrel, into which he occasionally slipped all the remnants, and this barrel he called his "eye!!"

NAN KEEN.

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SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

WAR.

Source of guilt and all distress,
Detested WAR! whate'er thy plea,
The votaries of the Prince of Peace
No fellowship can have with thee:
But when, to introduce again
Oppression's harpies, slavery's chain,
And superstition's glozing crew;
When, to perpetuate vice and wo
Thou bidd'st the streams of crimson flow,
What words invented yet can paint th' abhorrence due!

Sweet muse of history! as thy art
The lamentable scene displays,
I see the workings of thy heart,
I feel the light'ning of thy phrase:
Oh! hide it, hide it, muse sublime,
Where the keen eye of future time
The dismal record ne'er may find:
Nor in the number of the year
Let that opprobrious day appear,
When freemen join'd the league of courts against mankind.

MARRIOTT.

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*Extract of a Letter writen by Phillis Wheatly, a Negro girl, to Sampson Occom.*

*Boston, February 11th, 1774.*

Rever'd & Honoured Sir,

I this day received your kind obliging epistle, and am greatly satisfied with your reasons respecting the Negroes, and think highly reasonable what you offer in vindication of their natural rights. Those that invade them cannot be insensible that the divine light is insensibly chasing away the thick darkness which broods over the land of Africa, and the chaos which has reigned so long is converting into beautiful order, and reveals more and more clearly the glorious dispensation of civil and religious liberty, which are so inseparably united, that there is little or no enjoyment of one without the other; otherwise the Israelites had been less solicitous for their freedom from Egyptian slavery. I do not say they would have been contented without it—by no means: for in every human breast God has implanted a principle which we call, love of freedom. It is impatient of oppression, and pants for deliverance; and, by the leave of our modern Egyptians, I will assert that the principle lives in us—God grant deliverance in his own way and time, and get him honour upon all those whose avarice compels them to countenance and help forward the calamities of their fellow creatures. This I desire not for the hurt, but to convince them of the strange absurdities of their conduct whose words and actions are so diametrically opposite. How well the cry of liberty and the reverse disposition for the exercise of oppressive power over others agree, I humbly think it does not require the penetration of a philosopher to determine.

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TO PEACE.

Oh stretch thy reign, fair peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more!
Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves!
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold!
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous discord dwell:
Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
And mad ambition shall attend her there:
There purple vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted and extinct her fires:
There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
And persecution mourn her broken wheel!
There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

*Friend Editors,*

The following piece, was some time since met with, among a collection of old papers; and as it relates to a character, so truly eminent as that of the celebrated Cowper, I am induced to transcribe it.—If you deem it sufficiently interesting, please to give it a place in the Fire-side, and you will oblige, yours,

TACITUS.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM COWPER.

*(Author of the Task.)*

The predominant genius of a man may, in most cases, be traced to some early incident in his life. Cowper, it seems, was from his childhood devoted to meditation and seclusion, and endued with antipathy to every noisy concourse or merely lucrative pursuit.

This temper was strengthened by an attachment, between him and the daughter of a neighbouring family. The usual objections on the score of birth and for-

tune, did not exist in this case, and neither family was averse to this connection. It was necessary, however, in the opinion of Cowper's father, that the union should be postponed till the young man had established himself in some gainful and honourable profession.

For this end the youth was sent to London, and placed at the temple. To this fane of subtlety and science all his rural dispositions accompanied him.—The cultivation of literature and poetry ravished his attention away from the *Cokes* and *Carthews* of his library, and his hours were spent in composing tender ditties for his mistress, instead of transcribing into his common-place book the *demurrers* and *narratios* of the law.

His father, whose heart was set upon seeing his son Will, one day adorned with the flowing and well-powdered honours of a chancellor, was extremely displeased at this infatuation and supineness. He tried various expedients to awaken in his heart a more profitable ambition. At length he fancied that he discovered the source of all these ungenerous propensities in the affection which William had so assiduously fostered for the country maid. He resolved, therefore, to put an end to his hopes; and, by studied incivilities to the lady's family, excited their resentment so far, that the girl was prohibited from further intercourse.

Disobedience to this mandate, produced the usual stretches of parental tyranny. The victim was restricted in her walks and visits; and, finally imprisoned in her chamber. The gentle spirit was sorely bruised by this rod. Grief and melancholy were succeeded by the loss of understanding, and an untimely close was put to her existence in the cells of a private madhouse!—Such was a father's policy! and the effects of it upon the son's happiness and destiny are generally known.

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*The folly of a mispent life; in a letter from a Nobleman on his death bed, to an intimate companion.*

Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth; in a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be past, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read those lines, I shall be groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in the fulness of joy. It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul, the vast uncertainty I am struggling with, no words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions, every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overcome me, but for some faint beams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy or eternal misery. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event. Good God! how have I employed myself? what enchantment hath held me? in what delirium has my life been past? what have I been, while the sun in its race and the stars in their course, have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition.—I never waked till now; I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being; till this instant I have had a wrong apprehension of every thing in nature: I have pursued shadows, entertained myself with dreams: I have been treasuring up and sporting myself with the wind.—I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank, a perfect vacancy.—I might have grazed with the beast of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants of the woods to much better purpose, than that for which I have lived; and oh! but for some faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been, to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty fiat, nor waked into life at his command.—I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act till now—I have often met death insultingly on the hostile plain, and with a stupid boast defied his terrors, with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse. I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned,

> Where all my secret guilt had been reveal'd,
> Nor the minutest circumstance conceal'd.

It is this which arms death with all its terrors: else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch; it is not giving up my breath, it is not my being forever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink, it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave at which I recoil. Those great realities which in the hour of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious brains: these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstration. My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have so often defied. To what height of madness is it possible for human nature to reach? What extravagance it is to jest with death, to laugh at damnation, to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of eternal misery. Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a harlequin, or the rehersal of a farce. Every thing in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures: the whole creation but man is serious: man who has the highest reason to be so while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on his short uncertain duration.—A condemned wretch may with as good a grace go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves.—Oh! my Philario! with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together! Return ye lost neglected moments; how should I prize you above the eastern treasures! let me dwell with hermits; let me rest on the cold earth; let me converse in cottages; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown—and have my probation for celestial happiness. Ye vain grandures of a court! ye sounding titles, and perishing riches, what do ye now signify! what consolation, what relief can ye give me? I have had a splendid passage to the grave, I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectively attended by my servants and physicians; my dependants sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife pale, and conceals her inward grief and anguish; my friend the generous Philandes who was near to me as my own soul, suppresses his sighs and leaves me, to hide his secret grief.—But ah! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? which of them will bail me for the arrest of death, who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which perhaps may be reposed in state, while my soul, my only serious part, may stand trembling before my judge. My friends, it is very

probable, with great solemnity will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with

"Here lies the great"

but could the pale carcase speak, it would soon reply,

False marble—where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

COWLEY.

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, perhaps I may by hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on his absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind.

Adieu my dear Philario till we meet in the world of spirits. ROWE.

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BIOGRAPHY.

After William Emerson returned from the school at York, he resided principally at Hurworth, where he continued to pursue his studies and amusements, at intervals, until the time of his marriage. In what year of his life this happened, I do not exactly know, but I think it was about the thirty-second or thirty-third: and from this we must date the commencement of his mathematical labours; or perhaps the communication of them to the public. What he had done before in this line, was merely an occasional application for his own amusement, or for the exercise and improvement of his leisure hours. But one of those accidents, which, as Dr. Johnson observes in the life of Cowley, "practice, that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science, commonly called genius," took place upon this occasion, and added a powerful stimulus to his native thirst for knowledge and for fame. His wife was the niece of a Doctor Johnson, Rector of Hurworth, Vicar of Manfield in the county of York, and a Prebendary of Durham, a man very eminent in his time for his skill in surgery, and who, by a very extensive and successful practice in this profession, together with the emoluments arising from his livings, had accumulated a considerable fortune. Dr. Johnson had promised to give his niece, who lived with him, five hundred pounds for her marriage portion. Some time after the marriage, Mr. Emerson took an opportunity to mention this matter to the Doctor, and to remind him of his promise. The Doctor, however, did not recollect, or did not choose to recollect, any thing of it, but treated our young mathematician with some contempt, as a person of no consequence, and beneath his notice. The pecuniary disappointment of Emerson, who had as independant a spirit as any man, and whose patrimony, though not large, was equal to all his wants, would easily have surmounted, but this contemptuous treatment stung him to the very soul. He immediately went home, packed up all his wife's clothes, and sent them off to the Doctor, saying he would scorn to be beholden to such a fellow for a single rag; and saying at the same time that he would be revenged and prove himself to be the better man of the two. His plan of revenge was truly noble and laudable. He was resolved to demonstrate to his uncourteous uncle and to the world, that he was not to be rated as an insignificant or ignorant person; and that the contempt and indignity, with which he had been treated, were much misplaced, and very unmerited: and, in order to demonstrate this, he determined to labour till he become one of the first mathematicians of the age. He had received from nature a strong and vigorous mind, and had acquired a just relish for the beauties of mathematical science, and an ardent love of truth; he was at the same time, stimulated with an eager desire of distinguishing himself from the illiterate crowd of mortals: the effects of his labour, influenced by such motives, and directed by such abilities, could not therefore but be great. He made himself a perfect master of the whole mathematics; and after having carefully planned and digested, revised and completed the work to his own satisfaction, he published, in the forty-second year of his age, his book of fluxions; and as his first appearance in the world as an author, stepped forth like a giant in all his might, and justly claimed a place amongst the mathematicians of the very first rank.

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*The Epistle from the Yearly Meeting, held in London, by Adjournments, from the twenty-third of the Fifth Month, to the first of the Sixth Month, 1804, inclusive. To the Quarterly and Monthly meetings of Friends, in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere,*

DEAR FRIENDS,

IT is not a light matter to undertake to give counsel to the Society, nor do we address you merely because it is a practice sanctioned by usage; but our minds have been much engaged in desires for the spirtual welfare of the family, and in considering the various means by which that welfare may be promoted, or obstructed. And, dear Friends, let us also remind you, that it is not a light matter to receive counsel. O that we could fix upon your minds, that we could livingly implant in your souls, the sense, we trust we are at this time endued with, that it is the Master's will that his servants should advance in righteousness! Do not therefore read or hear with indifference these our repeated salutations of love; but treasure them in your hearts, lay them up as tokens of that charity which endureth. Thus will our absent brethren co-operate with the assembled church, in carrying on the work of reformation, in promoting the cause of Christ.

We have received at this meeting epistles from all the Yearly Meetings on the American Continent, except one, and the usual accounts from the Quarterly and other Meetings in these nations; whereby we are informed of the present state of our Society. In every quarter there is some defect in duly supporting the testimonies of truth; but we have no cause to believe, that the religious care to administer help is on the decline, though often feebly exerted: and amidst all the sorrow which we feel that it is so, it is comfort to observe that many seem convinced of our principles; of whom a considerable number have lately joined the Society. Our brethren in Pennsylvania and Maryland appear to have prospered much in their benevolent attempts to introduce amongst the Indians, the comforts and benefits of civilized life, and of religious instruction.

The amount of Sufferings brought in this year from Great Britain and Ireland, is twelve thousand six hundred and thirty pounds, of which about nine thousand three hundred and seventy pounds are for tithes, priests' demands, and those called church-rates; and three thousand two hundred and sixty pounds for demands of a military nature.* Several Friends have suffered each three months imprisonment on the latter account.

Since we last met together in this city, the dreadful alarm of war has increased; and seeing we believe no people have a deeper sense of the calamity which war entails on mankind, and the reproach it is upon the Christian name, we may, without the imputation of viewing it singly as is concerns ourselves, inform you of our present feelings on the subject. Our general scruple to bear arms is well known; and truly we are satisfied that our testimony in this respect is a testimony for Messiah, of whose reign it is the glory, that "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together." Most, if not all people admit the transcendent excellency of peace. All who adopt the petition, "Thy kingdom

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* An error occurred in stating the amount of Sufferings reported last year: it appears that the sum was actually about 8900l.

come," pray for its universal establishment. Some people then must begin to fulfil the evangelical promise, and cease to learn war any more. Now, Friends, seeing these things cannot be controverted, how do we long that your whole conversation be as becometh the gospel; and that while any of us are professing to scruple war, they may not in some parts of their conduct be inconsistent with that profession! With this view we are concerned to renew our caution of the year 1798, namely, 'We desire afresh to press upon all 'our members, the necessity of a peaceful 'and innocent demeanour amongst men; and 'especially, let all be careful not to seek or 'accept profit by any concern in the preparations so extensively making for war: for 'how reproachfully inconsistent would it be, 'to refuse an active compliance with warlike 'measures; and, at the same time, not to 'hesitate to enrich ourselves by the com'merce and other circumstances dependent 'on war!' Friends, it is an awful thing to stand forth to the nation as the advocates of inviolable peace; and our testimony loses its efficacy in proportion to the want of consistency in any. And we think we are at this time peculiarly called to let our light shine with clearness, on account of the lenity shown us by government, and the readiness of magistrates to afford us all legal relief under suffering. And we can serve our country in no way more availingly, nor more acceptably to Him who holds its prosperity at his diposal, than by contributing, all that in us lies, to increase the number of meek, humble, and self-denying Christians.

From the same source, from which naturally springs, not only our testimony against war, but an unblemished conduct towards our government and our countrymen, namely, obedience to the law of Christ, arises also that stream of love to the brotherhood, which, if suffered to flow in our hearts with unobstructed course, would bear away all malice and guile, and cause all complaints of talebearing and detraction to cease in our borders. O the precious care that attends the mind in which Christian charity is become habitual! Charity, saith the apostle, "hopeth all things." It divulges not the faults of others, because, in its unbounded hope, it desires their removal without exposure. For the mind in which it dwells, ascribes its own preservation, and the cleansing of its former sins, to the unbounded love of God in Christ Jesus; and it prays that all may partake of the same benefit. How opposite that disposition, which delights to report evil, and to accuse! Shun it, dear Friends, as the poison of asps. Even the sacred writings emphatically demoninate the grand adversary of mankind by the name of Accuser of the brethren. "Follow," therefore, 'peace with all men, and holiness, without 'which no man shall see the Lord: looking 'diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of 'God; lest any root of bitterness springing 'up, trouble you, and thereby many be de'filed.'

Now, dear Friends, you who know the truth, and have experienced, in good degree, that it hath set you free from that to which you were by nature in bondage, relax not your attention to its gentle monitions: lest, whilst you are "busy here and there," you let any thing escape that is appointed for destruction. Such are all the practices and dispositions which prevent you from becoming fully "a chosen generation, a royal "priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar peo"ple: that ye should show forth the praises "of him who hath called you out of darkness "into his marvellous light." But a jealousy, may we not say a holy jealousy, hath attended our minds, that some, by not following on to know the Lord, have ceased to preserve over their children and dependents the prevaling authority of good example. Some, also, by continuing to seek increasing possessions in this life, have led their decendants as well as themselves into closer connexion and fellowship with the spirit of the world. Thus, frequently, in the next generation the traces of Christian simplicity and self denial are lamentably defaced, and in the succeeding one, nearly obliterated. To this cause, in a great degree, may be ascribed the number of families amongst us who retain little but the name: an evil, of which, as the remedy is difficult, we fervently desire to prevent the increase. Lay it therefore to heart, beloved brethren, lest you should inadvertently contribute to this already extensive grievance.

And O that we could awaken some of you, dear youth, who have been educated in a liberty, which we deplore on your account, because we believe that the gospel of Christ doth not allow it—that we could awaken you to serious reflection! If your rest should, for a season, be disturbed by the sense of sin, of the danger of continuing in it, and of the future judgment which is its portion, you have no cause for utter dismay. Help is laid on one that is mighty. The sense of our transgressions lead us to prayer for his secret, but Almighty help; and as you are careful to close in with the inward intimations of his will, which are in fact the offers of his mercy, he will give you in due season "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

In the narrow compass of an anuual epistle, we cannot address all the state in Society, nor speak to all the subjects for which we feel concern. But since those subjects are not of a transient nature, we recommend to Friends, especially to our beloved youth, occasionally to peruse again the epistles of former years; and not to lay by, as things of a temporary concernment, those records of this Meeting's engagement to promote their present and eternal well being, and to hold up a testimony to the gospel of Christ Jesus. To him, therefore, who died for us, that "we should live together with him," we desire, dear Friends, to commend you. "Farewell. "Be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace: and the "God of love and peace shall be with you."

Signed in and on behalf of the Meeting, by

JOHN MERRYWEATHER,
Clerk to the Meeting this Year

## SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—*London.*—It is reported, that the secret expedition will be dispatched to the West Indies, instead of its original destination.

The military preparations on the part of Russia continue with increased activity, especially on the frontiers of Austria and Prussia.

It is reported at Paris, that Gen. Brune has advised the occupation of the Dardadelles, and even of Constantinople, where, he says, the inhabitants are ripe for insurrection.

The difficulty of paying the French army in Hanover is so great, that Bernadotte has been obliged to issue the following order: "All the farmers of domainal property, and their dependencies, shall be bound to pay in advance to the Treasury of the Chamber of Finances the half of what they owe, annually at three equal periods."—Thus the farmers are considered as the creditors of the Treasury; and every farmer, who does not pay at the time prescribed, shall lose his farm, and be responsible for the sums not carried to the Treasury.

The French appear disposed to revive the alarm of invasion. The troops which had been withdrawn from the coast, have been ordered thither again; and the gun-boats have begun manœuvre, and venture occasionally into the outer road of Boulogne.

It was lately reported at Brest and Paris, that the Brest fleet was destined for the Mediterranean, in order to gain a great maritime superiority, and then to attack the Russians at Corfu.

It is understood at Vienna that the Austrian government is to receive some accession of territory on the frontiers, as a compensation or equivalent for the new power which Bonaparte is about to acquire in Italy.

The Courier de Londres asserts that Sebastiana, who lately went to Holland, was accompanied by 40 desperadoes, whose orders were to seize the king of Sweden, who was then on his travels.

A strange report was lately propagated at Vienna—it was said, that a courier had passed through that city from the East Indies, with intelligence that the Governor General had declared himself independent.

A variety of decrees have been issued by the Consulta to the people of Italy, on the subject of their new Government; all of which are replete with fulsome adulation on the genius and character of Bonaparte. One

of these proclamations contains the following apostrophe: "People of Italy, expand your hearts to hope and to exultation! Your King will soon be amongst you—he will go less to ornament his august head with the crown, than to witness your wants, and to provide a definitive organization to secure your tranquility."

*Paris.*—A summary of the new Constitution, which our Emperor, Napoleon I has been *graciously* pleased to bestow on Holland, has been published. It consists of 80 articles. The Executive is to be single—and J. R. Schimmelpenninck is to exercise its functions, with the title of Pensionary. He is to be armed with strong powers—the forces of the state, the police, and the purse-strings, are to be at his disposal. He is to nominate his own Privy Council, and to have a *veto* on all laws passed. The Legislative Body, is to be composed of nineteen members, with the ancient title of the 'High Mightinesses.' There can be no doubt of the ratification of the constitution by the Batavian people. The Emperor knows how to make his decrees respected and obeyed.

The closest harmony, it is said, now subsists between the courts of Prussia and France, and the former is very actively employed in adjusting differences between the latter and Russia. Bonaparte has, it is said as the price of reconciliation, offered to evacuate the Electorate of Hanover.

The various regiments lately drawn from the French coast of the channel, have received orders to re-occupy their former positions. Every officer and private, absent on furlough, have been ordered to join their respective regiments, even though the leave of absence should not have expired. All the Generals are also to repair to their respective stations on the coast. Massena is to have the chief command of the army of England, Augereau that of Ireland, and Marmont that of Scotland.

In the course of five months, in the last year, 83 American vessels passed Elsineur into the Baltic: of which 79 were destined for Copenhagen and St. Petersburgh; and the remainder for Lubeck and Reval.

A letter from London, mentions, "Our exports to the continent have been hitherto much checked by the frosts, and to Holland not only by that obstacle, but by the distracted state of that unhappy country, where funds have fallen from 120 to 32, and where a national bankruptcy is expected to take place."

In the late great inundation of the Tiber, more than 100 persons lost their lives in the neighbourhood of Rome.

The digue of the Elbe has burst in five places, in the bailiwicks of Dannenberg and Hitzacker. Ninety villages have been under water. The ruins of destroyed houses and drowned beasts may be seen every where.—The distress of the poor inhabitants is indescribable.

A letter from Lisbon, says, that the Algerines have lately done much damage to the Portuguese in taking 21 vessels; in consequence of which a squadron composed of two 74 gun ships, and six frigates of 44 guns, set sail this day to blockade the port of Algiers, &c.

The arrest of our Consul, at the Havannah, it is said, arose from a misunderstanding of some papers left behind by a captain who departed without paying all the duties for which he was indebted. A great deal of parade and formality attended the arrest; but he was liberated after about 12 hours confinement. The Governor declared that the Intendant had issued the order of arrest without his privity, and the Intendant threw the blame upon the Assessor or Counsellor.—The vessels' registers have been restored, but all the other papers taken are still detained, and the consular functions are, of course, still suspended. The American merchants and captains have given a public dinner to the Consul, to show that their regard for him is undiminished.

DOMESTIC.—*Indian War*—By a person from the lower part of Kentucky, intelligence has been received, that a war council of about five hundred Indians has lately been held at the mouth of the Wabash river. This convocation is said to consist of deputies from all the North-West tribes.—The object of their meeting is, to deliberate on the subject of going to war with the Osage Indians, up the Missouri, a nation with whom they have long been at enmity. It was remarked by a gentleman present at the Council, to a Chief, that as Mr. Jefferson was of a pacific temper, and averse to the effusion of blood, he would very probably use his exertions to prevent hostilities. But the Indians seemed to think that the President had no right to interfere in a matter that peculiarly related to their own sovereignty. When the gentleman left the Ohio, he had not learned the result of their deliberations.

A slight shock of an earthquake, is said to have been felt at Portsmouth on the 12th instant, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M.

According to Blodget's statistical table for the United States, the number of

| | In 1784 | In 1804 |
|---|---|---|
| Free persons was | 2,650,000 | 5,000,000 |
| Slaves | 600,000 | 999,900 |
| Total population | 3,250,000 | 6,000,000 |
| Increase in each year | 156,150 | 180,000 |
| Persons to each mile | 3 | 6 |
| Improved lands, total acres | 21,500,000 | 38,950,060 |
| Average price, dols. | 3 | 9 |
| Do. in their natural state, cts. | 35 | 215 |
| Average price of wheat | 65 | 155 |

The sum of 832 dollars has been subscribed and paid by a few humane inhabitants of Boston for the relief of Captain Thomas E. Gage, and crew, of the schooner Industry, for their unexampled exertions in saving at the imminent hazard of their own lives, the German passengers and crew of the ship Sarah, as has been before mentioned.

Interments in the burial grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending the 19th inst. at sun-rise.—Adults 10—Children 2—Total 12.

Report of deaths in the city of New-York, from the 11th to the 18th inst. Adults 16—Children 10—Total 26.

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*TO CORRESPONDENTS.*

In S. G's communication are some sentiments not quite "congenial to us;" but as its tendency may be useful, we have placed it upon the list for insertion.

The *Patmos Manuscript*, inadvertently omitted this week, we will endeavour to pay more attention to next.

The *Anecdote on dress* is not deemed sufficiently interesting for publication. While we were the liege subjects of the British realm, perhaps we might have seized with avidity a detail of the most trifling words and deeds of the *King, Queen, and Royal family*; but

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

CADWALADER CLODHOPPER, a little pruned and trimmed, is designed for our next.

*Pope's Dying Christian*, perhaps one-half the readers of the Evening Fire-side could recite; and to the other half, it is possibly not unknown; useless, therefore, would be the insertion of it, however excellent.

URIAN'S *Tale* discovers traits of a poetic genius; but it is like the wild luxuriance of the wilderness, which must be cleared away before the rich soil that produced it can bring forth plants of real usefulness. To this permit us to direct the attention of our youthful friend—and let us hope the Evening Fire-side will ere long be favoured with the fruits of his cultivated talents.

PAUL, we give thee credit for thy well-meant design; but we regret that thy verses do not appear to possess that eloquence which animated thy great namesake when he reasoned before Felix of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.

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